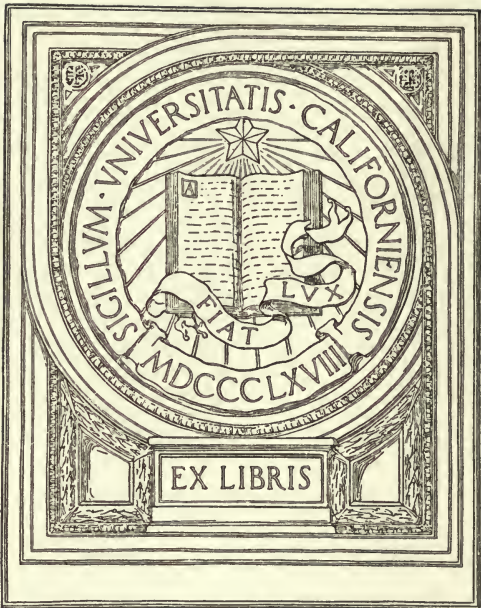


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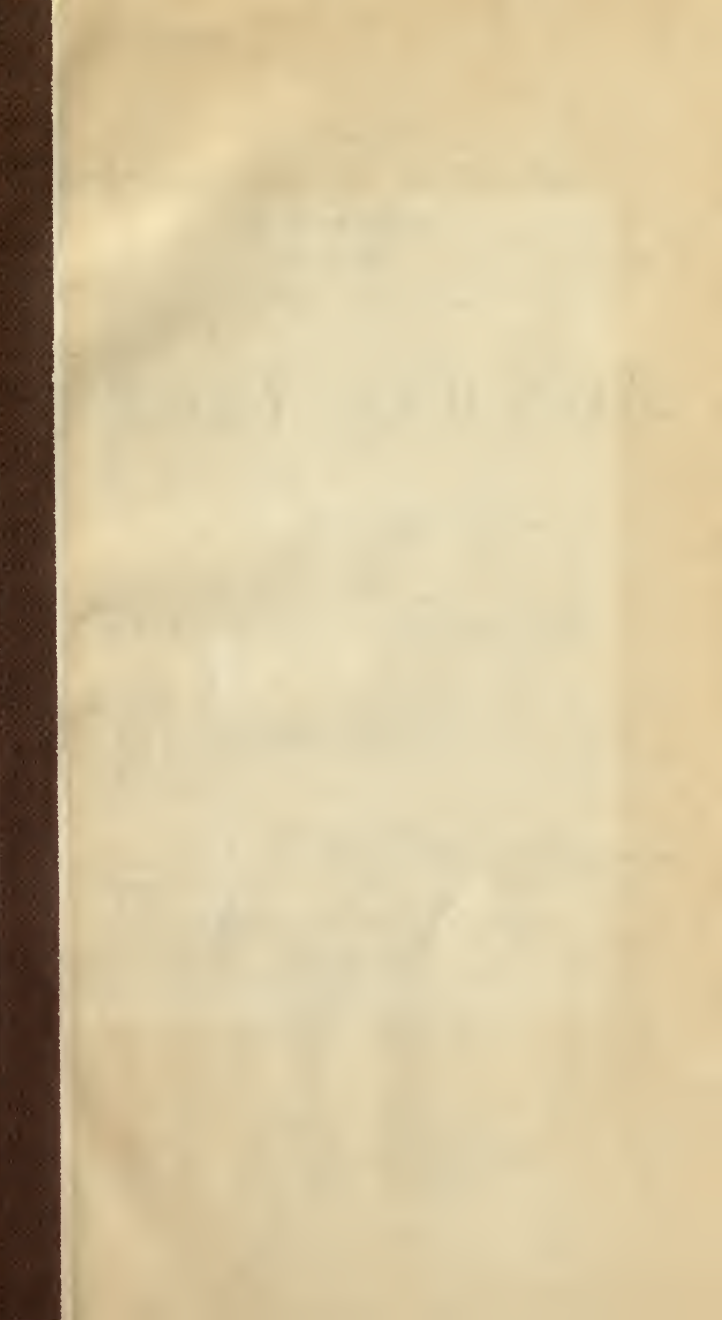


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FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA

The Acting Edition.

No. CXXVI.

DOMBEY AND SON.

DRAMATIZED FROM DICKENS' NOVEL.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM, ESQ.

IN THREE ACTS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE NEW YORK THEATRES.

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NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
121 NASSAU-STREET.

Cast of the Characters,

Original Cast at Burton's Theatre.

<i>Mr. Dombey</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. H. Lynne.
<i>Captain Cuttle</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	“ Burton.
<i>Sol Gills</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	“ Hamilton.
<i>Mr. Toots</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	“ Raymond.
<i>Walter Gay</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	“ Dunn.
<i>Major Joe Bagstock</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	“ Brougham
<i>Carker</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	“ G. Jordan.
<i>Withers</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	“ Baker.
<i>Brogley</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	“ Hurley.
<i>Gripp</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	“ Rooney.
<i>The Native</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	“ C. Parsloe.
<i>Jack Bunsby</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	“ Brougham.
<i>Rob the Grinder</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	“ Rea.
<i>Mrs. Skewton</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Vernon
<i>Florence Dombey</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Burton.
<i>Edith Granger</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. A. Knight.
<i>Susan Nipper</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Brougham.
<i>Flowers</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left*; R. *First Entrance, Right*. S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left*; S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right*. U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left*. U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right*. C. *Centre*. L. C. *Left of Centre*. R. C. *Right of Centre*. T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left*. T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right*. C. D. *Centre Door*. D. R. *Door Right*. D. L. *Door Left*. U. D. L. *Upper door, Left*. U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right*.

* * * *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

Costume.

MR. DOMBEY.—Black suit.

CAPTAIN CUTTLE.—Blue pilot coat—buff double-breast vest—wide blue pantaloons—sailors-hat.

SOL GILLS.—Long gray surtout—drab breeches, and gray stockings—shoes and buckles.

TOOTS.—*First Dress*: Fashionable frock coat—light vest, and fancy pantaloons. *Second*: Evening dress, very elegant. *Third*: Walking dress, eccentric.

GAY.—*First Dress*: Walking dress. *Second*: Sailor's jacket—blue pantaloons.

BAGSTOCK.—Blue military frock—gray pantaloons, with black stripe—buff vest, bright buttons.

CARKER.—Black suit.

WITHERS.—Page's livery.

NATIVE.—Dark livery.

JACK BUNSBY.—Blue jacket—check shirt—very high pantaloons.

ROB THE GRINDER.—Check shirt—red vest—breeches and high-lows.

MRS. SKEWTON.—*First Dress*: Elegant walking dress. *Second*: Evening costume, very elegant. *Third*: Morning dress.

FLORENCE.—White dress, trimmed with black ribbons.

EDITH.—*First Dress*: Dark Velvet walking dress. *Second*: Bridal costume. *Third*: Morning dress. *Fourth*: Travelling pelisse.

SUSAN.—Dark half mourning dress.

FLOWERS.—Dress of a lady's maid.

DOMBEY AND SON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Interior of SOL GIL'S Instrument Shop—SOL discovered, melancholy and musing, cleaning a Telescope.*

Sol. Everything's a going wrong. Even the chronometer's five-sixths of a second for'ard of the Sun, a thing that's never happened afore, since I've been in the business. Poor Walter! he ought to come and see me. What a stupid old crawfish I am! haven't I chained him to his desk like a galley slave? No wonder I don't sell anything—the people must see old savage uncle, in every wrinkle of my pitiless old phiz!

Walter. [*Without, D. F.*] Hallo! Wooden Middy, ahoy! what cheer, uncle Sol?

Sol. There he is, with a voice as merry as though I had made him a skipper, instead of a galley slave!

Enter WALTER, D. F. Comes down, L. H.

Walter. My dear uncle! bless your old soul, how are you? What's the matter? a little down in the mouth, eh? can't get on well without me? I thought not!

Sol. Walter, my boy,—come now, it won't do ' you think me a brute, I know it! that's not real joy that's in your eye. Confess it, I've sold you into slavery, haven't I? and I ought to be kicked for it!

Walter. Slavery! not a bit of it! I never was half so happy in my life; I have an excellent opportunity to establish myself in the world, and am no longer a burthen upon you, my kind old benefactor!

Sol. Don't, Wally, don't! you only make me feel more keenly the enormity of my crime! I suppose it's all for the best. Believe me, my darling boy, I couldn't help it,—and I do think, when you come to consider of it, that you'll forgive me!

Walter. I'll never forgive you, if you don't cease this kind of talk. Tell me, how goes on the Wooden Midshipman?

Sol. Badly, Wally, badly! I've fallen behind the time, and I'm too old to try and catch it,—therefore it was, Wally, that I was anxious that you, young, free-hearted, and active, should leave the old milestone here, and be on the world's track. I'm only the ghost of this business.

Walter. Confound it! when I see the people walking past in shoals, I feel half-tempted to rush out and collar a customer, drag him into the shop, and make him buy £50 worth of instruments, ready money! What are you looking in at the door for? that's no use; why don't you come in and buy, eh? Why, I declare, uncle, here *is* a customer! two or 'em, as I live, rather equivocal looking customers, too!

Enter BROGLEY and GRIPP, D. F.

Sol. Brogley! now it's all out, Walter, my boy! go back, quick! get out! I don't want you here—it's nothing—that is to say—

[*Sinks into a chair.*]

Walter. What is the meaning of this? Who are you, sir? uncle, tell me!

Brogley. Pshaw! young man, it ain't nothing—only a little payment on a bonded debt that ain't been remembered, and so we're come to take possession.

Walter. What!

Brogley. (R. C.) Possession! It's an execution—but don't let it put you out of the way. I came myself, so that it can all be quiet and sociable; I must take all the things, but don't let it put you out of the way,—they'll be very safe with me.

Walter. (L.) But can nothing be done? a little delay?

Brogley. Bless your soul, there has been a monstrous deal of delay already; the thing has been over due more than an hour. The old man will have to move, but don't let it put you out of the way.

Sol. (C.) Walter, my boy,—such a calamity never happened to me afore—I'm an old man to begin!—

[*Weeps.*]

Walter. Don't, uncle, don't! Mr. Brogley, you cannot have the heart to turn the old man out?

Brogley. Must, really, but I wouldn't let it put me out of the way.

Walter. But can nothing be done?

Brogley. Well, if you could find a friend that you wouldn't mind putting a trifle out of the way.

Walter. A friend? 'tis just the wrong time to find one. There's no such thing!

Enter Captain CUTTLE, D. F.

Cuttle. "A friend in need's a friend indeed," and "time and tide doth wait for no man," overhaul your Walker's Dictionary, and when found, make a note. What cheer, old messmet? taken by Algerines or how?—What's in the wind, anyhow?

Walter. Captain, you are a friend indeed. My uncle's goods have been taken in execution.

Cuttle. I thought so! "when taken to be well shaken," overhaul your poticary's stuff. Which is the piratical craft? to offer to venture to lay

fast on him,—so chock full of science too, as an egg's full of meat. So, you've been and gone and coveted your neighbor's goods? overhaul your catechism, you land lubber, and when found make a note. Look where he stands; why, I've no doubt but that old man as looks so quiet and resigned, if he had a mind to,—he could make a clock, he could,—Lord, how that clock would go! and to go for to lay hands on an individual as could make a clock aint in natur! but, "*many men of many minds* and many birds of many kinds," overhaul your copy book, and when found, make a note.

Brog. Sorry to put anybody out of the way, but if you could make a note that would pay my bill, it would be more to the purpose.

Cut. Land shark signals all the world over: but never mind, old shipmet, lay your head to the wind; all you have to do is to lay your head to the wind and we'll fight through it. Stand by for a second or two till I go into my bunk. Wal'r, my boy, keep up the old man's spirits, I'll make all right in a jiffy; just cast anchor a spell till I come back, will you? and remember, there's a "sweet little cherub sits perched up aloft," overhaul your catechism, and when found make a note. [Exit N

Brog. Now that old sea monster has departed, I presume we can proceed to business. Gripp, pen and ink! get ready to take an inventory, although I really cannot tell the names of all those outlandish implements and excessively shocking electrical affairs. My dear young sir, would I be putting you out of the way, by asking the names of those various articles?

Sol. Stay, Mr. Brogley; why should the dear boy be worried thus? I'll describe them all, yes, all my pets, for the last time, like children. Walter, somehow, I love those familiar things. I didn't like even to sell my favorites, but now to see them consigned to people who won't understand them, but look upon them only as so much brass and wood and useless figures, it touches very near my heart, Walter.

Walter. Dear uncle, you shall not lose them; they must not be torn away from you. I'll go myself, and—

Re-enter Captain CUTTLE, singing.

Cut. In the South Seas a cohorting
All for to catch a whale,
It's there we'll make a fortin
As we sail! as we sail!

Brog. You perhaps can purchase what you like at the sale.

Cut. Sale! Aye, aye, sail ahoy!

"Now we sail
With the gale."

Overhaul your Bay of Biscay O, and when found sing a note. Clear decks for action; lay your head to the wind, old messmet, seq here!

[Takes out handful of silver, a pair of sugar tongs, some silver spoons and pulls out enormous watch; places them on table.]

Sol. Bless you, Cuttle, bless you!

Brog. What on earth is this?

Cut. Plunder, you pirate! take it all and leave the old man in port; take it, I say—watch and all, and sheer off. Come, what do you make of it?

Brog. Make of it? you don't suppose that property's of any use?

Cut. No use! the money, them spoons and *that* watch: no use,—'specially the watch!

Brog. Why, the amount is three hundred and seventy odd.

Cut. Wheugh! Breakers ahead! but all's fish that comes to your net, I suppose?

Brog. Certainly, Mr. Cutlet—I mean Cuttle; but sprats ain't whales, you know.

Cut. Messmet, I'm out of soundings. What's the bearings, Wal'r?

Sol. (c.) Ned, it's no use. I'm behind the time a long way; the stock had better be sold, it's worth more than this debt, and I can go and die somewhere on the balance. Yes, yes, let them sell the stock, take down the old worn-out Wooden Midshipman, and let us be broken up together.

Cut. And if they do, may I—if it wasn't that I hadn't enough—we must. Pooh! pooh! old messmet, it'll be all right enough, if you just do as I tell you. Lay your head well to the wind. Wal'r, I have it! I have it! right as a barnacle [*Crosses* L. II.] Your governor's the man to advance the money.

Walter. Mr. Dombey?

Cut. Percisely; we mustn't leave a stone unturned, and you see there's a stone for you.

Walter. A stone! Dombey! Very like, very like.

Cut. To be sure. Come along now, at once. Cheer up, old messmet. [*Gathers up his silver, &c.*] I say, you, spell out some of them ere hard words till we come back. Bear a hand, Wal'r, I'll go with you, just to give you a sort of courage. Remember "30 days hath September," overhaul your Cocker's Arithmetic, and when found make a note.

[*Exeunt* CUTTLE and WALTER.]

SCENE II.—*A garden, (1 G.)*

Enter JOE BAGSTOCK, followed by the NATIVE, carrying an umbrella, R. 1 K.

Joe. No go, ma'am, not to be done, sir! Joe is awake, ma'm—Bagstock's alive, sir,—J. B. knows a move or two, ma'm,—Josh has his weather eye open, sir! You'll find him rough, ma'm—tough, sir! Rough and tough is Joseph, and de-vi-lish sly! What are you grinning at, you confounded extract of chicory and liver complaint? anything remarkable in my personal appearance? I'll chop you into curry, if you dare to wink, you spawn of a Hindoo alligator!

Native. Me no winkee, Massa Bagstock!

Joe. Don't open your mouth! Isn't this Dombey coming this way?

Native. Iss, massa!

Joe. Who spoke to you?

Enter DOMBEY, L. 1 E.

Ma, Dombey! Mammoth of Mercantile Capacity, old Joe B. is proud to shake you by the hand. An old campaigner—a smoke-dried, invalided, used-up old dog of a major, is delighted to meet with such a man as the illustrious Dombey!

Dombey. You do the unworthy representative of the name too much honor, major

Joe. By Thunder and Mars, it's a great name, sir! It's a name, sir, that old Josh is proud to recognize! nothing adulatory about J. B.—a plain old soldier is Joe, but it is a great name, sir. Joe Bagstock says it, deny it who can! J. B. says it! old Josh—a thorough, rough-going, downright plain-spoken old trump, and nothing more!

Dombey. Thank you for the compliment, Major Bagstock, you will excuse my leaving you.

Joe. Hem! are you going to sleep? (*To NATIVE.*) Lazy dog, sir! Oriental Sun, sir, dries up their intellect—old Joe knows how to wake him up, though! One moment, Dombey—see who approaches! By Venus and all the Graces at once, the star of old Josh's admiration, the magnificent Skewton, and her superb daughter! If old Joe were a little younger, by George, there's not a woman alive he'd sooner prefer for a wife!

Dombey. Which, Major, the daughter, or the mother?

Joe. Is old Josh a turnip, that he should mean the mother?

Dombey. You were equally complimentary to both.

Joe. Rather an ancient flame—devilish ancient, so I humor her.

Dombey. They impress me as being decidedly genteel.

Joe. Genteel! The honorable Mrs. Skewton, sir, is sister to the late Lord Feenix, and aunt to the present lord—poor, but devilish high! No money, but talk of blood,—pooh! hush! here they are—I'll introduce you!

MRS. SKEWTON is pushed on in garden chair, followed by EDITH, R. II.

Joe. Joe Bagstock, ladies, is a proud and happy man for the rest of his life.

Mrs. S. You false creature, where do you come from? Go along, I can't bear you!

Joe. Then suffer old Joe to present a friend, madam, as a reason for being tolerated.—Mr. Dombey, Mrs. Skewton; Mr. Dombey, Mrs. Granger,—a widow, sir! Mrs. Skewton, Dombey makes sad havoc with the heart of old Joe! [*Aside to Mrs. S.*] look after him,—great catch!

Mrs. S. You perfidious goblin, and wretched deceiver, hold your false tongue! How long have you been here, bad man?

Joe. One day, concentrated essence of sugary sweetness!

Mrs. S. And can you be a day, or even a minute, in the garden of—what's its name?

Edith. Eden, I suppose you mean, mamma.

Mrs. S. Yes, beloved—I never can recollect those frightful names, without being impressed by the sight of nature in the indescribable thingamy of its—what you call it.

Joe. Now we're going to have the Cleopatra attitude in which she was painted forty-five years ago.

Mrs. S. Mr. Dombey is devoted to nature?

Joe. Mr. Dombey may be devoted to her in secret. but as a man of his immense influence in the city—[*Aside to her.*] give him a touch!

Mrs. S. No one can be a stranger to Mr. Dombey's position.

Joe. Devilish fine compliment! deserves a reply, Dombey!

Dombey. [*To Edith.*] I feel flattered. Do you reside here, madam?

Joe. There's something in that—cultivate him! [*Aside to her*

Edith. Silence!

Joe. Hem!

(*Rushes at the NATIVE.*)

Edith. We do not reside here,—we have been visiting. Mamma likes change.

Mrs. S. Edith, of course, does not?

Edith. I have found no change in any place.

Mrs. S. They positively libel me, dear Mr. Dombey. Seclusion, and intellectual contemplation,—those are my—what's its name? [*To EDITH.*] My dearest child, you know I am wholly dependent upon you for those odious names! I assure you, Mr. Dombey, nature intended me for an Arcadian. I am entirely thrown away in society—cows are my passion; what I have sighed for all my life, is a rural retreat in some shady retirement, with nothing near me but nature, surrounded by the feathery warblers of the grove, revelling in cows and china!

Edith. Nature is whispering to us to proceed, mamma. I shall walk on. Good morning.

[*Crosses to L. H.*]

Joe. A fair challenge, Dombey! By Jupiter, such a hint wouldn't be thrown away on old Joe, had he your number of years in his withered old trunk!

Dombey. Do you think so? Will you permit me to be your escort, Mrs Granger?

Edith. I do not wish to trouble you, we are not far from home.

Dombey. It will afford me great gratification.

[*Exeunt EDITH and DOMBEY, L. 1 E.*]

Joe. That will be a match, or old Josh Bagstock knows nothing of human nature! He's touched, is Dombey! The Colossus of commerce is bayoneted right through the pericardium. Old Joe has his weather eye open, wide, tremendously wide!

Mrs. S. Go away, you insupportable creature! what can you possibly mean?

Joe. Mean, ma'am! can't your maternal glance penetrate the vista of futurity, and see your adorable daughter perched on the topmost pinnacle of prosperity?

Mrs. S. Major Bagstock, this world is a false place, where the music of the heart, and the gushing of the soul, and all that sort of thing, is seldom heard, but there is an allusion to my extremely dear child, to which my heart vibrates deliciously!

Joe. Bluntness, ma'am, is the distinguished characteristic of the Bagstock breed! Old Joe admits it.

Mrs. S. I know the duty of a mamma, and shall not shrink from it. I fancy that I can observe an amount of heart in your friend Dombey.

Joe. Devilish little heart in friend Dombey now, ma'am!

Mrs. S. Wretched man! be silent!

Joe. Old Joe is as dumb as a lobster!

Mrs. S. Edith is said to resemble me. I believe we *are* alike! She has great force of character,—mine is said to be immense, though I don't believe it.

Joe. Dombey is a great catch, ma'am!

Mrs. S. Aggravating monster! but seriously,—Withers, retire awhile.

Joe. Villain, be off!

[*Exit WITHERS and NATIVE.*]

Mrs. S. Wretch !

Joe. Divinity !

Mrs. S. Do you think he's in earnest ? Tell me,—there's a sagacious Caliban,—what would you advise ?

Joe. Shall we marry him to Edith, eh !

Mrs. S. Mysterious creature ! How *can* we marry him ?

Joe. Shall we marry them ? Old Joe asks that simple question.

Mrs. S. Don't—don't ! I'm positively shocked !

Joe. Dombey is safe, ma'am,—old Joe Bagstock has him there,—there, ma'am, under his thumb ! Old Joe B. knows a thing or two ! He's a shy trout, is Dombey, but the old soldier knows how to play him, and when we have him in the fish-basket,—we'll be at the feast, eh ? Cleopatra, the peerless, and her Antony Bagstock will often speak of this, when we are sharing the elegance and wealth of Edith Dombey ! Old Joe is sly,—devilish sly !

Mrs. S. Incurable monster ! I don't believe a word you say !

Joe. Withers, approach ! Rascal, appear !

Mrs. S. Farewell, brute !

Enter WITHERS and NATIVE. WITHERS pushes MRS. SKEWTON off in chair, L. 1 E.

Joe. Old Joe's heart goes with you—it does, by Jupiter ! [*Licks the Native.*] Tol, lol, lol !

[*Sings.*]

Native. Oh ! What dat for, Massa ?

Joe. Because I'm full of good humor, you dog ! I'm so happy, damn it, I could lick you within an inch of your life ! Grin, you son of a Burmese Josh ! Show your teeth, you turkey buzzard ! A good morning's work for old Joe B. Joseph is looking up ! He's wide awake, he is ! Tough as an ostrich is J. B. Tough, sir, and *devilish* sly !

[*JOE B. beats NATIVE off, R. 1 E. Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Drawing-room at MR. DOMBEY'S, richly furnished—two chairs, table, sofa, writing materials. DOMBEY and CARKER discovered.*
Enter FLORENCE, L. H.

Florence. Oh, papa, papa !—Mr. Carker !

Carker. [*Aside.*] The same repulsive start ! What can cause this intense dislike ?

Dombey. What does Miss Dombey require of me ?

Florence. Nothing, papa, but to tell you that Walter is here.

Carker. [*Aside.*] Walter ! can it be,—a poor dependent drudge in the office ! Impossible !

[*Goes up.*]

Dombey. Why should that interest you so much, Miss Dombey ?

Florence. Recollect, papa, I owe him everything,—my life,—when he saved me from being killed ! let me feel some gratitude to my early preserver !

Dombey. He did but what any other would have done, in the same situation. I cannot see him,—I will not see him !

[*FLORENCE going, L.*]

Carker. [*Comes down, L. c.*] Stay, Miss Dombey, let me speak to your excellent papa,—perhaps a word of mine might influence him.

Florence. Oh, will you, Mr. Carker ? How I shall love you, if you do !

Carker. Love me!

Florence. That is to say, *like* you—it will be so kind so friendly.

Carker. For one smile of yours, I would dare destruction itself!

Florence. Will papa see Walter?

Carker. Send him here, I'll answer for it.

Florence. Oh, thank you, a thousand times, dear Mr. Carker!

[Exit FLORENCE, L. H.]

Carker. "Dear!" How that phrase thrills through me! Mr. Dombey, I have dared to recall your expression, feeling that it would be due to the exaltation of your character, to hear,—mind, only to hear,—what this young man has to say, so I have ventured to tell him to enter.

Dombey. If you wish it, Carker, certainly—it's of no consequence.

Enter FLORENCE, WALTER, and Captain CUTTLE, L. H.

Carker. Ah, my young friend Walter, I'm delighted to have been of service. At my suggestion, Mr. Dombey has postponed my demands and those of business, to listen to your petition.

Walter. I can never be sufficiently grateful. My good friend, Captain Cuttle.

[Introducing.]

Carker. Proud, sir, to shake you by the hand: but business must be attended to. Good day.

[Exit R. H.]

Cuttle. Good day, sir, good day, and God bless you! "a meritorious action is its own reward," overhaul your Solomon's proverbs, and when found, make a particular note. That ere's Dombey, is it! He's as stiff as the figure-head of a seventy-four. Ain't chock full of politeness either; howsoever, I'll take a cheer, Wal'r, my lad, stand by.

Dombey. What have you to say to me, Gay?

Walter. I am afraid, sir, that I take a very great liberty in coming, and had not Miss Florence kindly—

Dombey. Miss Dombey has nothing to do with the purpose, sir,—go on.

Cuttle. He, a man! damme, he's a Polar Bear! Stand by, Wal'r.

Walter. It's entirely a private and personal matter, sir, and my friend here, Captain Cuttle—

Cuttle. That's mo, *that* is, Captain Cuttle—Ned Cuttle, man and boy, for ever so many years, at your sarvice. There ain't no use in blowing one's own trumpet, only one has to do it, for the satisfaction of hisself, being as how no one knows the aforesaid; but if so be as Bunsby was here, he could tell you all about one Ned Cuttle. Jack Bunsby! there's not a man as walks, certainly not on two legs, that can come near him; been knocked overboard, that man, twice, and none the worse for it; was beat for three weeks—off and on—about the head with a ring bolt, and yet a clearer-minded man don't walk. Now if I could only pass the word for Jack—

Dombey. What has all this rigmarole to do with your business, Gay?

Walter. Pray excuse him, sir, he is a very old friend of my poor uncle's, and therefore, I have come with him, to say, that my uncle is in very great affliction and distress.

Cuttle. Hull down and the sea running over him at every lurch.

Walter. And, sir, if you could, in your kindness, do anything to help him out of his difficulty, we never could thank you enough for it.

[Gives paper to DOMBEY.]

Cuttle. And furthermore and aforesaid, your humble petitioners will ever pray, night and day, etceteray, as in duty bound accordingly.

Dombey. More than three hundred pounds—it's a large sum; what security can you offer?

Walter. My uncle's stock in trade will be one,——

Cut. And here's another in the person of Ed'ard Cuttle, mariner of England, together with many waleables belonging to the aforesaid Ed'ard, to wit and widelicet, one sugar tongs, a half a dozen spoons, and a watch as is a watch, and ain't ashamed to show his face: put that ere watch just ten minutes for'ard in the morning, and if he ain't even with the sun at high noon, I'll eat it. There, half a loaf's better nor no bread, and the same remark holds good regarding crumbs! take them, to have and to hold, till death do us part; and if there's a man chock full of science, it's old Gills! If there's a lad of promise, one flowing with milk and honey, it's his nevy Wal'r, and if so be Bunsby was here——

Dom. Don't talk.

Cut. Jack Bunsby, the clear-headeddest, long-sightcdest——

Dom. Be quiet, sir.

Cut. What a man that Bunsby is! why he'll tell——

Dom. Gay, listen to me, I'll pay these demands upon your uncle, upon one condition; don't interrupt me. You did a slight service for the house of Dombey, by rescuing my daughter. Take this check, and let it obliterate all recollection of that circumstance. Remember, Gay, I pay you for the service you rendered; do you understand me?

Wal. Fully, sir; but as I have already forgotten the circumstance, I regret that you should have thought proper to do me this favor in such a way that I cannot but blush to receive it.

Dom. Receive it as you may; all sense of obligation on my side is at an end.

Wal. But not on mine, sir—I must feel grateful.

Dom. 'Tis proper that you should. [*To CUTTLE.*] Have the goodness to take these things away, sir.

Cut. Well, if that ain't a walking iceberg, Ned Cuttle's a grampus. Well, Wal'r, he's done us a handsome turn, and handsome is as does the right thing. Overhaul your proverbs, and when found make a note on.

Re-enter CARKER and FLORENCE, C. D.

Car. [*Shows memorandum to DOMBEY.*]

Dom. Excellent! here, Gay, one moment. Well thought of, Carker, you tell him.

Car. Mr. Gay, although the head of the firm has sufficient reason to feel somewhat annoyed at your conduct, yet inasmuch as you have hitherto served the house faithfully and well, I am glad to have it in my power to inform you, that he designs to establish you in a place of important trust.

Cut. Does he? I take back all. Ned Cuttle's a hass.

Car. There is a vacancy in the Island of Barbadoes.

Wal. Barbadoes?

Cut. Where?

Car. In the Island of Barbadoes; and as the situation requires youth,

talent and activity, Mr. Dombey has evinced his great interest in your welfare by appointing you.

Cut. I don't take back a word. I double it all—Barbadoes!—our Wal'r—it's regular piracy!

Wal. Do I hear rightly, sir? Can this be true?

Dom. Of course; somebody must go! you are young, every way fitted.

Wal. Shall I remain there, sir?

Dom. What does he mean, Carker?

Wal. Must I live there?

Dom. Certainly; you will prepare yourself as soon as possible.

[*Exeunt* DOMBEY and CARKER, c.]

Flor. Dear Walter, do not carry away a bad opinion of all within the house. Papa may forget your kindness, but believe me, I never can.

Wal. Your good opinion, Miss Dombey, I trust I shall ever deserve.

Flor. I should be sorry to see your feelings hurt, Walter, indeed I should. Won't you shake hands with me?

Wal. With my whole heart.

Flor. And you too, Captain Cuttle; how happy should Walter be in having so good a friend!

Cut. Bless you, my lady lass, I ain't nothing but a poor shattered old hull of humanity. What does it signify whether I founder in a storm or go to pieces on the rocks? I ain't no use, and I won't be missed; but Wal'r here, freighted full of youth and hope, and all that sort of thing, it stands to reason it would be a pity to see him wrecked on a lee shore, which he shall never be if Ned Cuttle can fling him a rope.

Flor. Well, good bye, Walter; I know that you are anxious to see your good uncle. Let others say what they please, I shall ever feel gratitude towards you, the preserver of my life.

[*Exit*, c.]

Wal. My poor uncle! how will he bear it?

Cut. Badly, boy, badly, take my word. But come, let us be off, or this old norwester will be down on us again. Cheerly, Wal'r, my boy, cheerly.

“A light heart and a flowing sheet,

Here we part again to meet.”

Overhaul your sea story book, and when found turn in comfortable.

Enter TOOTS—*runs against* CUTTLE.

Cut. I say, young man, when you do that again don't you do it at all. Overhaul your whole duty now and then, and when found stick to your text.

[*Exeunt* CUTTLE and WALTER.]

Toots. Oh, I beg ten thousand—I hope I didn't hurt you—thank you—it's of no consequence. Well, I'm in the house, at all events, and there's nobody here: what a comfort! Oh, there's somebody coming Dear me! no, there's not. Oh, Miss Florence, if I could only tell you what I feel, but I can't. A dozen times I've tried, but somehow the words all go away just when I want them most! but I've filled myself with courage this morning. I've taken a glass of remarkably strong lemonade, and I'm determined to speak out. Let me see, what shall I say to her? Adorable Miss Dombey—no, that's foolish! Dear Miss Florence—pity a youth—yes, pity a youth—

Enter SUSAN NIPPER, R. 1 E.

Susan. Did you send for me, Mr. Toots?

Toots. Oh law! pity a youth—I—oh—adorable—I mean—why, bless my soul, it's only Susan. How are you, Susan? how well you look! I'm so glad it isn't Miss Dombey! it's of no consequence.

Susan. Mr. Toots!

Toots. Eh? I mean yes—did you speak?

Susan. Might a body know what you sent for?

Toots. Did I send? Bless your soul, no—that is to say, I believe I did! Oh, just to—but it's of no consequence!

Susan. Did anybody ever see such an aspen leaf of a creature! Why, you'll shake yourself into little bits!

Toots. I know—yes—you're very good! Good morning!

Enter FLORENCE, C.

Toots. Good morning. Are you quite well?

[In backing out, runs against FLORENCE]

Flor. *[Down L. H.]* I, Mr. Toots?

Toots. Bless my soul! no—I mean—dear me—yes—but it's of no consequence!

Flor. No consequence! my health?

Toots. What a brute I am! Oh, every consequence! Oh, Miss Florence, now you are here—I—but it's really of no consequence! *[Aside.]* I can't—even the lemonade won't do it!

Susan. That's love, miss!

[Crosses to L.]

Flor. Do you think so?

Susan. Certain sure of it! see how he fidgets about! He was miserable before he came, and now——

Toots. *[Aside.]* What's the use in one's being a man of independent property, without some sort of a heart? I'll tell her now at once! I'm desperate! I can't live much longer,—so out it will have to come! *[Aloud.]* Oh, Miss Florence—I—ah!—Well, good bye!—I'm glad to see you looking so well—but it's no consequence! *[Exit hurriedly, L. H.]*

Susan. Well, did you ever? you may depend, miss, he's got a deal to say, if he could only let it out! But, do you know, Miss Florence, what I've heard?

Flor. No, Susan, what is it?

Susan. Poor Mr. Walter, that was so good to you——

Flor. What of him, Susan?

Susan. He's a going to the other side of the world, to seek his fortune on the billowy ocean!

Flor. I know it, Susan—my kind friend, Walter! I'm sorry, Susan,—very sorry! I did not know how much I liked him before!

Susan. I knows what I knows, and I thinks what I thinks!

Re-enter CARKER, at back.

And you may put me into a strait-waistcoat for six weeks, but I'll bet that Mr. Carker had something to do with this!

Carker. *[Coming down R. H.]* Indeed! Get out of the room!

Susan. I shan't do no such thing! You ain't my missus, nor yet my master, thanks be, seeing as I'm not a black slave or a mulotto!

Carker. Miss Dombey, will you desire your servant to leave the room?

Flor. Susan, dear, do go, for my sake.

Susan. Bless your dear heart, I'd walk on hot gridirons to serve you; but if you'll take a fool's advice, miss, you'll keep yourself to yourself. Some people ain't altogether so innocent as some people thinks them to be! There's some wolves that comes in their own bold shapes, and others that sneak into sheepskins; but I wouldn't accuse any person for the world, not me,—by no manner of means,—not at all! [Exit, L. H.]

Carker. My dear Miss Dombey, you will permit the interest I feel for you, to clothe itself in such familiar terms,—may I be permitted to have a slight confidential conversation with you?

Flor. No, Mr. Carker, there can be no confidence between you and me. If you wish to speak of business, you are in the wrong part of the establishment; if of pleasure, I am in the wrong mood! To-morrow, I shall be glad—you can see me, if you wish. [Exit, L. H.]

Carker. The father,—the hard, proud, icy father, in every touch! Yes—yes—her heart must be mine, or crushed to atoms—to atoms!

[Exit, c. D.]

SCENE IV.—Interior of SOL GILLS'.

Enter SOL GILLS, R.

Capt. Cuttle. [*Sings without, L.*] “For the port of Barbadoes, cheerly oh!”

Sol. Here they are, and with good news.

Enter Captain CUTTLE and WALTER, L. H.

Cuttle. Make him believe it's a prize in the lottery, or he'll be sorrowful right out; here we be, old messmet, with lots of rhino. The Wooden Midshipman's on his legs again, and more nor that, Wal'r is on the high road to promotion; “turn again Whittington,” overhaul you story book; cut out for a man of fortin, he is.

Walter. Yes, uncle, the captain is right,—Mr. Dombey has very kindly stepped forward and enabled us to smooth away all your difficulties.

Sol. He's kind, very kind, and we shall be happy together once more. You will still live with me, dear Walter.

Cuttle. Nonsense, it ain't in reason; he's come to a time of life now that he must make a jump.

Sol. What do you mean, Cuttle?

Cuttle. Why, I mean that if ever Walter is to make his fortin, now's the time.

Sol. How? how?

Cuttle. The long and the short of it is, there's no use in beating about the bush: he's got an appointment.

Walter. Yes, uncle, an excellent one.

Cuttle. In a very salubrious climate.

Sol. Away?

Cuttle. Only as far as the West Indies.

Sol. Walter,—it cannot be,—my boy, Walter! it cannot be: is this true?

Walter. Dear uncle, it is.

Sol. This is the severest blow of all,—stock and shop and all might go, and I would not feel a pang, but you, Walter—you go to sea! to sea, that I have striven to turn you from and warn you against since boyhood!

Cuttle. Ah, very true! “Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he gets old, he does quite the reverse.” Overhaul your copy book again. But it’s no fault of his—it’s fate’s doing, and who’s agoing to give the word of command to fate, I should like to know?

Walter. Recollect, dear uncle, how much it will be to our advantage. I shall be able to send you such presents from Barbadoes.

Sol. How he speaks, how he speaks! he’s going to leave his poor old uncle, and he’s glad of it.

Wal. If you say that again, uncle, I won’t go.

Cut. Awast!

Wal. No, captain, I won’t.

Cut. Awast, I say!

Wal. I’m a fixture.

Cut. I’m gettin’ aggrawated, werry much aggrawated. You may always tell when I’m aggrawated by my bitin’ of my finger nails. Sol Gills, take a hobversation of your nevy as he stands there; he ain’t a hinfant in arms. Werry well, you don’t want to be feedin’ him with spoon wittles, like a precious babby, all his life, do you? Werry well, here’s a certain craft a going upon a certain v’yage, and if he’s to go, how is he to go, as the lively craft “The Gay,” or the Dutch-built lugger “The Gills”——

Sol. Ned, I’m wrong! when I say he’s glad to go, I mean I hope he is. I’m behind the time. [*Crosses L.*] I ought to be ashamed of myself for being so selfish as to wish to detain him near me all his life. Walter, my dear boy, if it’s proper and right that you should go, why go, and take the old man’s blessing.

Cut. And that’ll never sink no ship. That’s all ship-shape; what are you a thinking about now, Wal’r? I’ll bet you a gill of old Jamaica I know.

Wal. Nothing, Captain, nothing particular.

Cut. I seed it, bless you, long ago. I knowed it long ago. What do you think of a capital F.?

Wal. Captain!

Cut. Anything about an L. or a O., not forgetting an R. and E. and a N.

Wal. Pray be silent, I dare not let my thoughts run in that direction.

Cut. But they will run there in spite of your teeth; and why shouldn’t they? you were cut out for each other; cheer up, my lad. let us be happy. Be alive, old Gills, there’s lots of good fortune in store for Wal’r. I knows it—I sees it; let’s all be jolly boys and sing—

“For the port of Barbadoes, cheerly O!”

Keep up your spirits, Wal’r, my lad, recollect “Faint heart never won a handsome woman, nor nothing else worth talking about yet.” Overhaul your history of Adam and Eve, and when found make a note and act accordingly.

[*Exit CUTTLE, WALTER and GILLS, L. H.*]

SCENE V.—A Room at MRS. SKEWTON'S. MRS. SKEWTON, EDITH, *discovered*. MRS. S. (R.), EDITH (L.) *Table, chairs, sofas, &c.*

Edith. Mother, mother! Speak to me no more upon this subject—as we are genteel and poor, I am content we should be made rich by these means, but I have kept the only purpose I have had the strength to form, and have not tempted this man on.

Mrs. S. This man! You speak as if you hated him.

Edith. [*Scornfully.*] And you thought I loved him, did you not?

Mrs. S. Then why don't you tell me, my dear Edith, that he will be here to-day by appointment?

Edith. [*Rises and comes down.*] Because you know it, mother! You know he has bought me, or that he will, to-morrow. He has considered of his bargain—he thinks that it will suit him, and may be had sufficiently cheap—and he will buy to-morrow. Heavens! that I have lived for this, and that I feel it!

Mrs. S. What do you mean, my darling Edith? Haven't you from a child—

Edith. A child! When was I child? What childhood did you ever leave me? I was a woman, artful, designing, mercenary, laying snares for men before I knew myself or you, or even understood the base and wretched aim of every new display I learnt. You gave birth to a woman! Look upon her, she's in her pride to-night! Look at me—who have never known what it is to have an honest heart and love! Look at me—taught to scheme and plot, when children play—and tell me, what has been my life for ten long sinful years!

Mrs. S. Now, my dear Edith, don't talk in this frightful manner. We have been making every effort to secure you a good establishment, and now you have got it.

Edith. There is no slave in the mart, no horse in the fair, so shown, and offered, and examined, and paraded, as I have been for ten long shameful years! I have been made the bye-word of all kinds of men—fools, profligates, boys, dotards have dangled after me, and one by one rejected me, and fell off, because you were too plain, with all your cunning, until we have almost become notorious! The license of look and touch have I submitted to, in half the places of resort upon the map of England! I have been hawked and vendred here and there, until the last grain of self-respect is dead within me, and I loathe myself!

Mrs. S. But you might have been married two times, my dear Edith, if you had only given the perfidious creatures encouragement enough.

Edith. No, whoever takes me, refuse as I am, and deserve to be, must take me as this man does, with no art of mine to lure him on! He makes the purchase of his own will, with his own idea of its worth, and the power of his money, and I hope it may never disappoint him.

Mrs. S. Edith, darling, why do you speak so strangely to your poor mother?

Edith. It seems stranger to me than to you, but my education was completed long ago. I am too old now, and have fallen too low, by degrees, to take a new course. The germ of all that purifies a woman's breast, and makes it true and good, has never stirred in mine, and I have nothing

to sustain me, when I despise myself! May Heaven forgive you, as I do!

Enter DOMBEY, TOOTS, CARKER, BAGSTOCK, and FLORENCE, c.

Mrs. S. [*To* DOMBEY.] Truant, we've been waiting for you. Edith has been in despair.

Edith. Mother!

Dom. Madam, you do me too much honor.

Joe. Just as I used to say to his Royal Highness, the Duke of York! I'm old Joe. Joe is rough and tough, but devilish sly! Dombey, I congratulate you, upon my life I do!

Dombey. Infinitely obliged,—may I be permitted—

[*Takes* EDITH'S arm, and exits proudly, c.

Toots. [*Advancing towards* FLORENCE.] May I—[*CARKER interposes.*] Oh, it's no consequence!

Carker. Will Miss Dombey allow—

Toots. I believe I—

Joe. Oh, no, no! Miss Dombey is engaged to old Joe, ain't you, pet?

[*Exit with* FLORENCE, c.

Toots. Well, it's no consequence!

Mrs. S. Mr. Toots, what's the matter with you? Where's your gallantry?

Toots. [*Who has been gazing after* FLORENCE.] Oh!—ah!—it's—I don't really—

Mrs. S. Where's your arm?

Toots. I really beg pardon—here—

[*They exeunt. TOOTS falling over chair, &c.*

ACT DROP QUICK.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—SOL GILLS' Shop.

Enter ROB the Grinder, with paper, L. H. I E., crying.

Rob. Oh, Captain, Captain Cuttle! what a unhappy cove I am, to be sure! Captain, I say.

Enter CUTTLE.

What cheer? What's the matter? avast? stand by. [*Takes glass of grog, and gives* ROB a glass.] Now say your say.

Rob. I ain't got nothing to say; but look here

Cuttle. Keys of the shop and a paper,—well?

Rob. When I woke this morning I found them on my pillow—the shop door was unbolted, and Mr. Gills was gone.

Cuttle. Gone! old Sol gone! you—stand by!

Rob. Upon my word, Captain, I don't know nothing about it any more. Don't you go for to look at me in that awful way. Here's a situation for a rove as has just got a situation—his master bolted and him blamed for it

Cuttle. [*Reads.*] “*My dear Ned Cuttle, enclosed is my will and testament.*” I don’t see the testament—what have you done with the testament?

Rob. I ain’t seen no testament, I declare to my gracious!—don’t keep on suspecting an innocent cove.

Cut. [*Reads.*] “*Which don’t break open until you have decisive intellgence of my poor Walter. Keep this quiet and make no inquiry for me, as it will be useless. So no more, dear Ned, from your true friend, Sol Gills.*”

Then he is gone! old Sol’s gone—leastways, I suppose—that is to say, I think old Sol’s gone, and I’m in his shop a looking round as if nothing had happened,—Gills is gone! the chock fullest of science of all the men I ever knew, and the nearest to Ned’s heart; and yet Ned’s heart beats away regular! It ain’t a heart,—it’s not in nature to call it a heart. Rob, you’re a willain! I can see it in your eye. Old Sol Gills is gone! the ungrateful blessed old scoundrel,—for to think—and—there ain’t any one left now but Bunsby,—there would be a load off my mind if I could only see Bunsby. What have you done with my friend old Sol?

Rob. Oh, don’t, Captain—don’t look at a cove like that, ’specially a cove as ain’t been and done nothing!

Cut. Young Wal’r not heard of yet, and now old Sol slipping cable! what sort of navigation is this? I say, what sort of navigation is this?

Rob. How should I know? you’re enough to make a cove shake into his very highlows, Captain,—I say, captain, here’s Miss Dombey a coming.

Cut. Avast there! keep her free! old Sol’s gone by the board.

Rob. Miss Dombey!

Cut. Eh! what? the lady lass.

Rob. And the Nipper, as is always a punching a cove about like as if a cove was a apple dumpling.

Cut. Not a word, d’ye hear, while I put Sol’s mortal remains in the tea-caddy. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Rob. I knows nothin’!

Enter FLORENCE and SUSAN, L. I E,

Susan. Mrs. Richards’s eldest, Miss Florence, and the worrit of Mrs. Richards’s life. [*Pokes him.*]

Rob. Can’t you let a cove alone?

Susan. Where’s Mr. Gills, scape-grace?

Rob. Ain’t here.

Susan. Well, go and find him, can’t you?

Rob. No, I can’t neither. You want a cove to do impossibles.

Susan. Was there ever? now, Miss Florence, I ask you was there ever! there he stands, as is breaking everybody’s heart into small pieces.

Rob. Don’t go for to be talking that way to a cove as wants to be penitent. [*Puts his thumb to his nose.*]

Susan. [*Sees him.*] There, I never! I’m sure I wonder the room floor don’t take and open under your good-for-nothing shoes. [*Punches him.*]

Re-enter CUTTLE, R. H.

Cut. Cheer up, my lady lass.

Flor. My dear Captain, I could not rest without coming to ask you

what you think about dear Walter; you know he's my brother now. Has there been any news? is there anything to fear? have you any fears for Walter's life?

Cut. No, lady lass,—I'm not afeared, heart's delight, Wal'r's a lad as'll go through a deal of hard weather; there's been most uncommon bad weather in those latitudes, but there a'most generally is; but the ship's a good ship, and the lad's a good lad, and it ain't easy to break up hearts of oak, whether they be in brigs or buzzoms. No, heart's delight—my lady ass—I'm not a bit afeared as yet.

Flo. As yet!

Cut. Not a bit. I've been a trying to cypher out on the chart where she could be, but—Jack Bunsby, where are you?—there's a head! if Jack was only here—and he generally does come about this time—he'd make it all clear as a marling-spike, Bunsby would! What a head he has. He'd give you an opinion, Bunsby would; just for all the world like knocking your head against a door, it would be so satisfying.

Bun. [*Without, D. F.*] Cuttle, ahoy!

Cut. [*Starting up.*] Cuttle it is! Bunsby! [*Enter BUNSBY.*] Jack! "talk of the Bunsby, and the Bunsby appears;" overhaul your Chesterfield and that's Miss Dombey; sit down! if ever there was a man that we all wanted to see at this identical moment of time, that man was Jack Bunsby.

Bun. [*Entering.*] My name's Jack Bunsby.

Cut. He was christened John! hear him! but Lord bless me, he might have been christened anything with such a mind as he's got.

Bun. Whereby—why not—if so, what's the odds—can any man say otherwise?

Cut. In course not.

Bun. Very well, then—so it is—and so let it be.

Cut. There's head, there's sense! there's argument! bring me a man as can come near that. Now, Bunsby, here you are, a man of mind and one as can give an opinion; tell this young lady about the good ship *Son and Heir*. Could she have been driven off, or forced by stress of weather, or what? Now, Jack, overhaul your hintellec wigerous, and give us an opinion as is an opinion.

[*BUNSBY buries his head in chart—raises head as if to speak—secs glass, and drinks.*]

Cut. There's wisdom!

Susan. Goodey me! what a time the sea creature is!

Cut. Hush! he's working it out.

Flor. For heaven's sake, sir, relieve our anxiety.

Cut. Hush! his mind's in deep water—it'll come up to the surface directly.

Bun. My name's Jack Bunsby.

Cut. Now it's coming. Stand by!

Bun. Skipper!

Cut. Give him sea room.

Bun. I says what I says, and what I says I sticks to. You want to know if this ere ship's gone down?

Flor. Yes, yes!

Bun. Hem! Well, my opinions and my observations goes to two points

Cut. Listen to the sense! there's mind! see it looming out. Go on, shipmet—two points—that's just one quart.

Bun. Either she is gone down, mind you, or she is not, d'ye see; now if so be she is, why so; and if so be she's not, why so *also*. That's my opinion, and I don't care who knows. So keep a bright look out for'ard, and recollect in particular that my name's Jack Bunsby. [*Exit, D. F.*]

Cut. There, heart's delight, didn't I tell you he'd give you an opinion worth having?

Flor. But what did he mean? does he hope still?

Cut. Hope! why, yes, lady lass, chock full of hope; as long as the winds do blow, blow, blow! Overhaul your little warbler.

Flor. Oh, thank you, dear Captain Cuttle; you have given me much consolation.

Susan. Come, Miss Florence, if some people finds out that some people are not at home, people might get what people wouldn't like. Oh, I declare if here ain't that young Atomy, Mr. Toots.

Enter TOOTS as FLORENCE and SUSAN are going.

Toots. Oh, captain!—gracious, if here ain't Miss Dombey,—I hope you are well, Miss—but it's of no consequence.

Flor. You seem agitated, Mr. Toots.

Toots. Oh, no—it's a mistake—I mean yes—I beg your pardon for contradicting you—I do really—but—

Susan. Why, you shake all over like an aspen leaf, as if you hadn't heard good news, Mr. Toots.

Toots. Do I? now that's very remarkable. I never was in better spirits—but it's no consequence.

Flor. Well, good morning, Mr. Toots.

Susan. The same here, Mr. Aspen leaf.

[*Exit SUSAN and FLORENCE, L. 1 E.*]

Toots. I ought to tell her! no, I oughtn't. I don't see why I shouldn't! I will, too! Miss Dombey, I'm very wretchedly sorry to—it's of no consequence.

Cut. If ever there was a head stuffed full of sense, it's on that man's shoulders!

Toots. Thank you for the compliment, Mr. Cuttle, but I really don't think I deserve—

Cut. Eh? what! yes, I see. Stand by.

Toots. Oh, Mr. Cuttle, I don't know you much, but I have dreadful bad news to communicate. I didn't like to say anything to Miss Dombey!—what an angel she is this afternoon—and if at the sacrifice of all my property I could be transmigrated into Miss Dombey's dog, I should never leave off wagging my tail for joy.

Cut. Bad news, eh, speak out! what is it! where is it?

Toots. Here in the paper! shall I read it? [*Reads.*] “*The bark Defiance reports that being becalmed in*”—in such and such latitudes—I don't understand the dots—“*the look-out observed some fragments of a wreck, which they found to consist of the stern of an English brig about 500 tons burthen, on*

which was visible the words *Son and Heir*.

Cut. [*Leans his head upon his hand.*] Wally! my boy Wally!

Toots. My gracious, what a world it is, to be sure! somebody or another is always going and doing something disagreeable. I never saw such a world!

Cut. Wal'r, my dear boy, is lost to me for ever. Don't mind me, my lad. You don't know how I loved that lad, nobody know'd it, I didn't know it myself until now—until now. 'Taint *one* loss, it's a round dozen. Where's the darling little child with his curly hair and rosy cheeks? gone down with Wal'r! Where's the lad, the bright and shining lad, that nothing could tire or put out? gone down with Wal'r! Where's the fine, noble-hearted young man that cared nothing for himself, but loved the blessed world and all that was in it? gone! all gone down with Wal'r!

[*Exit, followed by TOOTS, R. 1 E.*]

SCENE II.—*Drawing-room at Mrs. DOMBEY'S.*—MRS. SKEWTON, EDITH, and FLORENCE discovered.—*Maid in attendance on Mrs. S.—hand-glass.*

Mrs. S. [*Trying on a bonnet.*] I declare, I feel a little nervous to day! My hand quite shakes! Heigho! my spirits are sadly depressed, and how can it be otherwise? Edith, my pet!

Edith. What's the matter, mother?

Mrs. S. Matter! I really don't know what is the matter,—the world is coming to such an artificial state! Flowers! [*To Maid.*] I think I can bear a little more rouge to-day. You neglect me shamefully, Edith!—Withers is more a child to me than you are. I wish I didn't look so young and all that sort of thing, and then, perhaps, I should be more considered.

Edith. What would you have, mother?

Mrs. S. More heart,—more nature,—you know I am all affection and sensitiveness! What have I not done for you?

Edith. What, indeed?—let the past rest.

Mrs. S. And who have you to thank for it?

Edith. You, mother, you!

Mrs. S. Then why do you suffer me to languish? Heart—heart is all I want; Flowers, take away this bonnet! [*Exit FLOWERS with bonnet*]

Enter CARKER, C. D.

Carker. I have presumed to solicit an interview, and volunteered to describe it as one of business, because—

Edith. You are charged from your master with some message of reproof. You possess Mr. Dombey's confidence in such an extraordinary degree, sir, that I should not be surprised if that were your business.

Carker. Mrs. Skewton and Miss Dombey, may I be allowed to address what I have to say to Mrs. Dombey, alone? [*They rise and are going.*]

Edith. Stay, mother! Florence,—if I am to be humiliated, I can endure it in presence of such witnesses.

Carker. As you please, madam. It is my misfortune to be here, wholly against my will, and it is with the greatest respect and humility I venture to suggest, that the love and duty you bear your husband—

Edith. This mockery is not to be endured, sir! Why do you present yourself to me, and speak to me of love and duty to my husband, when you know——

Enter DOMBEY, C

that in place of affection between us, there is aversion and contempt!

Dom. [*Coming forward.*] So, madam,—you have given utterance to the feelings of your heart, at last,—but if you have no respect for yourself, Mrs. Dombey——

Edith. (L.) I have none!

Dom. (c.) Madam, listen to me! If you have no respect for yourself——

Mrs. S. (R.) My dear Dombey—my very dear Edith, why will you agitate my nerves with these little difficulties,—those little flashes of the torch of—what you call it?—not Cupid, but the other delightful creature—what's his name,—its really very disagreeable to me! What a miserable thing it is to be eternally looking for heart, yet not to find it! I'm sure I almost wish that I was out of this melancholy thingamy, and calmly reposing in the cold and silent—what you call it! [*Exit, R. 1 E.*]

Dombey. Mrs. Dombey, it's very necessary that we should come to some understanding; I requested Mr. Carker to inform you that your conduct does not please me—I now insist upon its being corrected!

Edith. You choose a fitting occasion for your remonstrance, sir, and a fitting word—“*insist*” to me!

Dom. You will further please, madam, to understand that I must have a show of deference before the world! I am used to this—I require it as my right,—in short, I *must have it*!

Edith. Sir, your daughter is present!

Dom. My daughter will remain present.

Edith. I will speak to you alone.

Dom. I don't choose that you should!

Edith. If you are not mad, heed my words!

Dom. I have authority, madam, as your husband, to speak to you where when, and before whom I please!

Edith. Go on, sir!—I would not stop you now, nor save you the utterance of one word, if the room were burning!

Dom. There is a rebellious principle within you, which you cannot curb too soon, which you *must* curb, Mrs. Dombey.

Edith. So, sir,—it is not enough that you can look here— [*Points to* CARKER.] and be reminded of the affronts that you have put on me,—or here, [*Points to* FLORENCE.] and think of what you have done!—and do you think, with the loathing which I must have for you within my breast, that you can bend or break *me* into submission and obedience?—Never!

Dom. Carker! [*CARKER advances, c.*] Mrs. Dombey is so forgetful of herself, and of me, that I must bring this state of matters to a close! Carker, I must beg you to inform Mrs. Dombey, that I will not allow myself to be contradicted by anybody!—anybody!

Carker. One moment. Painful as the position is in which I am placed by differing in opinion from you, yet,—had you not better reconsider——

Dom. Mr. Carker, you mistake your position, in offering any advice to me upon this point!

Carker. Perhaps you mistook my position, when you honored me with the negotiations in which I have been engaged here.

Dom. Not at all, sir,—not at all! you were employed—

Carker. Being an inferior person, for the humiliation of Mrs. Dombey—I forgot! Oh, yes,—it was expressly understood.

Edith. Oh! the heart depth of this degradation! Say this was not your motive,—contradict your agent, if you can do so, without lying! [*DOMBEY goes up stage.*] Not a word!—it is past!—our last conference is at an end! Nothing can make us stranger to each other than we are, henceforth and forever! [*Exit, R. H.*]

Dom. Stay, madam! I insist!

Carker. This opposition is unaccountable! Shall I,—may I follow, and attempt to reason with her?

Dom. As you please, Carker,—but, remember, I must have obedience!

Carker. Unquestionably! [*Aside.*] The moment has arrived, at last! Fate grant it be propitious! [*Exit.*]

Flor. Dear father! Oh, let me intercede for her!

Dom. Away! and quit my sight! anywhere out of this! [*Strikes her.*]

Enter SUSAN, C.

Susan. I saw it, I did! with my own two eyes I saw it! His own flesh and blood, too! I can't abear it!—why should I? Oh, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! I don't care if you were twenty times my master, and you had twenty times as many fierce-looking eyes a staring at me, I'll say my say! you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Don't cry, Miss Floy.—If people is brute animals, other people can't help it!—come, Miss Floy, come! [*Leads FLORENCE off, C.*]

Dom. [*On sofa, R.*] Yes, her pride must be humbled, my position requires it! It's no condescension to stoop to me, her husband!

Re-enter SUSAN, C.

Susan. [*Aside.*] I'll do it! I've often said I would, and now I will!

Dom. [*Rising.*] What do you want?

Susan. I've been in your service, sir, now, twelve years, a waiting on Miss Floy! I mayn't be Methoosalem, but I'm not a child in arms!

Dom. Well, what have I to do with that?

Susan. There never was a dearer or a blessedder young lady, than my young lady is, sir! The more I was tore to pieces, the more I'd say so, though I may not be a Fox's Martyr! now!

Dom. What do you mean, woman? how do you dare—

Susan. What I mean, sir, is to speak respectful, and without offence; and what I say is, that my young lady doesn't deserve the treatment you gave her just now! It was a burning shame! it was in my heart, eating a great place there, and now it's out, and I feel better!

Dom. Leave my service! leave the house, instantly! Such insolence Where are my people?

Susan. I don't care about staying—I wouldn't stay! Miss Florence is going, and I'll go with her! My comfort is, that I've told a piece of truth this day, that no warnings to go can unsay! no, not if they were to begin at seven o'clock in the morning, and never left off until twelve at night! There, now!

[*Exit, c. D.*]

Enter Servant, with note, L. 1 E.

Serv. Beg pardon, sir, but Mrs. Dombey requested me to deliver you this note immediately!

[*Exit, R. 1 E.*]

Dom. Ha! she has come to her senses! Excellent Carker, this is your management! [*Reads.*] What's here? "*I have left your roof for-ever, and renounced your name; the partner of my flight is the instrument you chose for my humiliation—your counsellor—your agent—your friend—Mr. Carker!*" It cannot be! yes! here are the damning words! "Mr. Carker!"—curses on him! the viper! the black, base-hearted viper! Oh! the shame! the deep—unutterable shame!

[*Sinks on sofa.*]

RING—END ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—SOL GILLS' Parlor.

Enter CUTTLE, singing in a melancholy voice.

"A strong nor'wester's blowing, Billy,
Don't you hear it roar now?"

It ain't no use, singin' won't bring him back, he's buried in the wasty deep, and the billowy hocean rolls over his remainders; I've been a tryin' to comfort my feelings by composin' a sort of a hepitaft, and that ere, is this here:

"Afflictions sore long time he bore—
Physicians was in wain."

Physicians was in wain, in course they was, when a man's a lyin' at the bottom of the brinny wave with seventy fathom of salt water a top of him, what's the good of a physician, I'd like to know?—eh! who's this? what do I see? why it's the lady lass—its heart's delight!

Enter FLORENCE, and falls into CUTTLE's arms.

Cuttle. Cheerily! cheerily! stand by, my pretty one! steady's the word, and steady it is. Keep her so,—look up, my lady lass! look up!

Flor. Captain Cuttle, is it you? oh save me! keep me here—let no one know where I am! do not send me away!

Cuttle. Send you away! yes, verily and by God's help so I won't! overhaul catechism and make a note. My lady lass, you're here as safe as if you were a top of St. Paul's with the ladder cast off. Steady, steady, my lady lass, you're too weak to stand; come, lean on me—there's a sofia in the next room, sleep it is that you want—that balsam for the still small word of a wounded mind. Come, heart's delight, just lie down for a spell, and make old Ned Cuttle's heart vibrate with joy. Steady and luff, &c.

[*Passes her off through side door.*]

Enter TOOTS, L. 1 E.

Toots. Good morning, Captain Cuttle,—Captain, you don't happen to see anything particular in me, do you?

Cuttle. No, my lad.

Toots. What, can't you see that I'm wasting away? Burgess & Co. have altered my measure again, but that's not what I come about,—I—a person—Brogley—you know—gave me a letter for Miss Dombey—no—I beg your pardon, I get mixing up all sorts of things; I, in fact, think there's something weak in my head—a letter for you,—and he told me to say that something *might* be in it, that might surprise you, and it would be well if you'd prepare yourself a bit.

Cuttle. For me? where is it? oh, if it should be—but no, I dare not think that.

[Reads, and falls into chair.]

Toots. Captain Gills, I hope and trust that there's nothing wrong?

Cuttle. Thankee, my lad,—not a bit; quite the contrary.

Toots. You have the appearance of being overcome, Captain.

Cuttle. Why, my lad, I am took aback.

Toots. Is there anything I can do? the small remnant of my miserable life is at anybody's service that ever saw her, I mean—but it's of no consequence.

Cuttle. Little sailor boy—tol, lol, lol! *[Sings and capers about.]*

Toots. Captain, that's a very unsentimental demonstration.

Cuttle. So it is, lad, but the moon's at the full to-day; but hush! we mustn't disturb lady lass!—pshaw! I mean—come, and let us get into the air; don't you see I'm drunk?

Toots. Captain Cuttle, how shocking!

Cuttle. Drunk with delight, you young dog, and if I can ever do you a good turn for making me so, recollect that in the proverbs of Solomon you'll find these words, "May we never want a friend, nor a bottle to give him." Overhaul your Testament, and when found make a note.

"Ed'ard Cuttle is my name,
And Captain is my station;
This here is my dwelling-place,
And blessed be creation."

Overhaul your Church Catechism, and when found make a note on.

[Exit CUTTLE and TOOTS, L. 1 E.]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment. Enter EDITH, followed by CARER, R.*

Car. We are now free from all danger of pursuit. My dear love, I never saw you look so handsome!

Edith. Stand still! Come not nearer, upon your life!

Car. Tush! We are alone, out of everybody's sight and hearing! Do you think to frighten me with these tricks of virtue?

Edith. I tell you once again, don't come near me, or, as Heaven sees us, there will be bloodshed!

Car. Do you mistake me for your husband?

Edith. I have something lying here which is not a love trinket, and sooner than endure your touch once more, I would use it on you with less reluctance than I would on any other creeping thing that lives!

Car. Come, Edith! to your husband, poor wretch, this was all well enough, but to me——

Edith. Miserable, blind fool! 'We meet to-night, and part to-night; for not one moment after I have ceased to speak, shall I stay here! You have unfolded your coil too soon! You might have cajoled, and fawned, and played your *traitor's* part a little longer, and grown richer! You purchase your sensual retirement too dear!

Car. Edith, have done with this! What devil possesses you?

Edith. Their name is legion! You and your master have raised them in a fruitful house, and they shall tear you both! In every way, I triumph. I single out in you, the meanest man, the parasite and tool of the proud tyrant, that his wound may rankle more!

Car. We don't part so! Do you think I am an idiot to let you go now?

Edith. Take my warning, and look to yourself! You have been betrayed, as all betrayers are! [*Bell heard, R.*] See, who is on your track!

[*Looks through window.*]

Voice [*Without.*] This is the house—we have tracked them here.

Car. Ha! Ruin! [*Bell, R. H.—a faintness seizes him.*]

Voice [*Without.*] Mr. Dombey's baggage!

Edith. My husband! Ha! ha! ha! Now, take as a remembrance, the deep and lasting scorn of the woman whose mind you thought you had slowly poisoned, until she had sunk into the mere creature of your pleasure! Go forth into the false world again, falsier than the falsest! False to your master, to his child, to me! False everyway and everywhere! Go forth and boast of me, and gnash your teeth to know that you are lying! Remember, this door once closed, my footsteps are as trackless as the vessel's path upon the ocean! And now, blind, baffled traitor, farewell for ever.

[*Exit EDITH, L. 1 E.*]

Car. Fool! aye, fool indeed, to let her go so easily. [*Noise without, R. H.*] Ha! the husband. [*Tries door.*] Locked! What was that? a rush and sweep of something like death upon the wing—'twas nothing, and yet what a startling horror it has left. [*Noise increases.*] They come! I will not be hunted like a pilfering fox! Ha! the window, the leap is high and the stones are pitiless but better that than meet his eye. The door is forced open, then there is no alternative. [*Jumps through window, L. 2 E.*]

SCENE III.—SOL GILLS' Room.

Scene discovers Captain CUTTLE toasting bread on his own hook—Table laid for breakfast—Captain very busy with his cooking. Enter FLORENCE, R. H.

Cut. What cheer, bright diamond!

Flor. I have surely slept very long. When did I come here—yesterday?

Cut. This here blessed day, my lady lass: but it's getting on for evening now, my pretty. There's the roast now for our dinner. Come, cheer up, my lady lass! you must try and eat a great deal. Stand by, deary—liver wing it is!—sarse it is—sassage it is, and potato!—try and pick a bit. Oh, if Wal'r was only here—but he ain't, you know, is he!

Flor. Oh, if I had him for my brother now.

Cut. He was your nat'ral born friend, warn't he, pet!

Flor. He was indeed ! poor Walter !

Cut. And as for you, my lady lass, the werry planks you walked on were as high esteemed by him as the water brooks is by the heart that never rejoices. But he's drowned, ain't he ? Yes, yes, he's drowned ; but if he was here, he'd beg and pray of you to pick a bit just for the sake of your own precious health.

Flor. Thank you for your kindness, Captain. It's very good of you, but I can't.

Cut. You're a thinking, mayhap, of poor Wal'r as was drowned.

Flor. He's never out of my thoughts long.

Cut. How could he ! You was like two children together at first, wasn't you ? But it's all over now ! he's drowned, ain't he ?

FLORENCE gives CUTTLE his pipe, having filled and lighted it : mixes him his grog, &c.

Thank you, my lady lass, thank you. Sit down, now, and take a mite of comfort yourself, somehow. Poor Wal'r ! old Sol Gills' nevy as was as welcome to everybody as the flowers in May. Where are you got to, brave heart of oak ! drowned in the deep, deep sea ! down, down, down derry down ! You never was at sea, lady lass !

Flor. Never.

Cut. Ah ! it's an outrageous element : think on it when the winds is roaring and the waves is howling.

Flor. Were you ever in a dreadful storm, captain ?

Cut. Why, aye, my lady lass, I've seen my share of bad weather ! but it ain't of myself as I was meaning to speak. Our dear boy, Wal'r, darling, as was drowned. There's perils and dangers on the deep, my beauty, and over many a bold heart the secret waters has closed up, and never told no tales ; but there's escapes upon the deep, too. I—I know a story, heart's delight, of this natur as was told me once ; maybe you'd like to hear me tell it. The story was about a ship, my lady lass, as sailed out of the port of London—don't be took aback, my lady lass, she was only out'ard bound—shall I go on, beauty ?

Flor. Oh yes, yes, pray do.

Cut. That there ship met with such foul weather as don't blow once in 20 years : she went to pieces, beauty, and no grass will never grow upon the graves of them as manned that ship.

Flor. They were not all lost—some were saved ? One——

Cut. Aboard of that there unfortunate wessel was a lad—a good, a brave lad—for when the stoutest hands and oldest hearts were hove down, he was firm and cheery.

Flor. And was he saved ? was he saved ?

Cut. That there lad, along with the second mate and one seaman, was left of all the beating hearts that went aboard that ship, the only living creatures, lashed to a fragment of the wreck and driftin' on the stormy sea alone, beneath God's heaven——

Flor. Were they saved ?

Cut. Days and nights they drifted,—don't took behind you, lady lass—there's nothing there,—until a sail hove down and they were taken aboard—two alive and one dead.

Flor. Which of them was dead?

Cut. Not the lad I speak on.

Flor. Thank heaven!

Cut. Amen, with all my heart,—don't be took aback! aboard that ship, the lad went a long voyage; the other seaman died—but the lad was spared, and—

Flor. Spared!

Cut. And come home,—

Enter WALTER, D. C.

Cut. And don't be frightened, heart's delight; one evening he came back to his old home, where he found—

Flor. What? what?

Cut. Why, he found his old friend a breaking of the intelligence to his young sweetheart, and before she could say another word he was down on his bended knees before her, and the first word she heard was—

[*WALTER kneeling at FLORENCE'S side*

Flor. [*With a cry of joy.*] Walter, dear, dear Walter!

Wal. Beloved Florence!

Cut. What do you think of the story, heart's delight? Wal'r's drowned, ain't he, precious? Wal'r my lad, here's a little bit of property as I want to make over jintly. [*Takes sugar tongs and spoons, and puts them in WALTER'S hand.*] Drowned, ain't he, pretty? [*Knock.*] Some one's coming! bear away, heart's delight, you mustn't be seen. [*FLORENCE goes into room.*] Now, then, to answer signals.

Captain CUTTLE opens door,—TOOTS rushes in, deranged in appearance.

Toots. Captain Gills!—I'm in a state of mind bordering on distraction! Oh, what a state I *am* in! I haven't dared to shave,—I'm in such a rash state—I haven't had my clothes brushed!

Cut. Awast, my lad! This is our Wal'r, Sol Gills's nev'y, as was drowned at sea.

Toots. What! is that the gentleman of whom you said, "He, and Miss Dombey—were made for each other?"

Cut. That's the dientical individual!

Toots. [*Aside.*] Here's a pretty situation! a hated rival to turn up at this critical moment!—But why should I hate him?—he's been more fortunate than I have! I *won't* hate him! [*Crosses to WALTER, and shakes hands with him.*] I'm delighted to see you again—tho' I never saw you before! how were they all—when you left—that is—I mean the people on the other side of the water?—I hope you didn't get wet when you were drowned—that is—I mean—I suppose you have heard that the most dreadful circumstances have been happening at Mr. Dombey's—and that Miss Dombey, herself, has left her father, who, in my opinion, is a man—a brute—that it would be wretched flattery to call a bird of prey,—and I've been positively poetic!—the ruin you behold—a living exemplification of the author's meaning—when he speaks of the wreck of matter—and the crush of worlds!

[*Exit CUTTLE, B. 1, R*

Wal. Mr. Toots, I'm extremely happy to be able to relieve your mind! Miss Dombey is safe and well!

Toots. Sir!—the relief is so excessive and unspeakable, that if you were to tell me Miss Dombey was—*married*, even—I could smile—I'm so relieved—at least, I'd try to!

Wal. It will be a greater relief to your generous mind to know that you can render Miss Dombey an essential service.

Toots. Oh! if I can do her any—the smallest—most insignificant service, I could sink into the silent tomb with a gleam of joy!

Re-enter CUTTLE, R., with FLORENCE.

Cut. And here's the lady lass herself, to thank you.

Flor. Dear Mr. Toots, I'm delighted to see you!

Toots. Oh,—dear me!—there's a rush of something—somewhere—thank you—I'm pretty well, sir—much obliged to you—I hope all the family are the same—but—it's of no consequence!

Flor. What we wanted to ask you, Mr. Toots, is, if you knew where Susan was, and if—

Toots. I never tasted an iota of happiness till this moment! the person you name is now outside, being as anxious as your humble servant to hear tidings of you! I'll go and bring her in! [Exit, D. F.]

Cut. Wally's drowned lady lass, ain't he?

Re-enter TOOTS with SUSAN, D. F.

Susan. Oh! my own pretty darling sweet Miss Floy! to think that I have found you again, and never, never shall I go away from you now! I may not gather moss, but I'm not a rolling stone,—neither is my heart—or else it wouldn't keep on a bustin', as it's a bustin' now!

Flor. My dear, good Susan!

Susan. Oh! I'm so glad that you're poor and deserted, and going to be married, for I'll never desert you, never!—I'll work for you, and live for you, for ever and ever, amen! I may not be a horse,—leastways I don't think I am,—but I'll work like one for you and yours, thanks be!

Flor. Mr. Toots, how much do I owe you for all your kindness?

Toots. Dearest Miss Dombey—to be again permitted to gaze—no, not gaze—I don't exactly—I feel as if I could say a great deal to the purpose, if I could only get a start!

Cut. Cheer up, my lad, and stand by!

Toots. [*Crossing and shaking hands with CUTTLE.*] Thank you, Mr. Cuttle!—It is my intention to cheer up, likewise to stand by, as much as I can—I really believe I must have been born by mistake—but that's of no consequence to anybody but myself! [In L. H. corner.]

Wal. But my poor uncle, Captain Cuttle! is there no hope?

Cut. No Wal'r, I'm afeared not. Along with the figure-head of hope there's holways a hanchor, but where's the use in a hanchor when there's no bottom to cast it on?

Enter SOL GILLS, D. F.

Is that a venerable spectre as I sees before me? Why, Sol Gills, you circumnavigation old wagabone. where have you been, you varmint?—you're welcome home, unnatural old traveller!

Sol. Home!—What!—Ned—Ned Cuttle—

Out. It's his voice, his dientical voice! It's the voice of the sluggard, I heerd him complain, scatters his enemys and make them fall.

Sol. Walter and Florence, too!—home, did you say!

Flor. Yes, home, dear uncle—home to our very hearts!

Sol. What does she say?—uncle!

Out. Say uncle, in course she did, you don't know what's bin a progressin' during your temporary abstinence, you old porcupine, they're goin' to be spliced, so overhaul your marriage harticles, and when found give them your payrential blessin' like a venerable old salt water sinner as you are.

Sol. Married! what my Walter and this lovely young girl! bless you, bless you! I'm almost deaf and blind, but it is with joy—I can't say much.

Out. Then don't you try ould messmet, when the heart's chock full of such hemotions it ain't much as can be squeezed out of so narrow a channel as the mouth, and it ain't often that so full a cargo of happiness is carried by so small a craft as this here. May all affectionate and trusting hearts meet the like reward, and like the busy bee improve each shinin' hour, for the meaning of which overhaul your pleasures of memory, and when found don't forget old Captain Cuttle.

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